Historic, archived document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
Radio Service
OFFICE OF INFORMATION

19
In34h

Housekeepers' Chat

Wed. April 4, 1928

(NOT FOR PUBLICATION)

Subject: "When Wishes Were Airplanes." (Aunt Sammy tells of her trip with Colonel Lindbergh.) Recipe for Apple Chutney from Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. D. A.

---ooOoo---

The minute I left home, on Friday morning, I felt a thrill in the air. Do you ever go along, for weeks and weeks, without having anything interesting happen to you? And then, all of a sudden, Lady Luck remembers what a dull time you've had for three or four months, cooking and mending, and sweeping and scrubbing, and she does something extra nice, to make up for it.

I had finished my shopping, and was walking along the avenue, on a blue and gold morning last month, when whom should I bump into but Uncle Ebenezer, on his way to the library, his arms full of books and papers.

"Better look where you're going," warned Uncle Ebenezer, picking up his books from the sidewalk.

"How can I look where I'm going, when I don't know where I'm going?" I asked. "I'm seeking high adventure, and I go where Fancy leads me."

"That being the case," said Uncle Ebenezer, arranging his books neatly under his arm, "that being the case, Fancy had better lead you away from the haunts of men, so you won't impede traffic, on a busy street like this."

Uncle Ebenezer had no sooner finished speaking than I saw an airplane, high above the dome of the capitol, and Lady Luck whispered tantalizing things in my ear.

"Uncle Ebenezer," I said, as we walked down the street, "if I had just one wish today, it would be to fly over the Potomac river, in an airplane. If I could have two wishes, they would be to fly over the Potomac river, in an airplane, with Colonel Lindbergh as the pilot."

For five long minutes Uncle Ebenezer said nothing. Then, "I don't know," said he, "but what a person has a right to have two big wishes granted, at least once during a lifetime. We shall see what we shall see."

With that cryptic remark, Uncle Ebenezer left me, and I hurried back home, to get my work done, just in case -- Well, of course I didn't think I'd really get to fly with Colonel Lindbergh, but you never can tell.

It was just 6 o'clock when I heard Uncle Ebenezer's step on the back porch. "Aunt Sammy", he called, "can you be ready to leave for Bolling Field, tomorrow at 9 o'clock?"

For the next half hour there was considerable excitement in my household. I was so thrilled that I forgot to salt the mashed potatoes, and I let one pan of biscuits burn as black as black! But, as I reminded my family, it isn't every week that one goes for a ride in the clouds with Colonel Charles Lindbergh.

The next morning we were at Bolling Field, shortly before Lindbergh arrived. There were two machines on the field, an army plane and a navy plane.

"Will I get to wear a parachute?" I asked Uncle Ebenezer.

"That all depends," said he. "If you ride in the army plane, you will have to put on a parachute, but if you ride in the navy plane, you will not. The reason is, that the army and the navy have different air regulations. The army regulations require 'all hands' to wear parachutes, but when Lindy and his guests 'take off' in a navy plane, they leave their parachutes behind. This morning he is piloting both planes, alternately."

We hadn't been on the field very long before a car drove up, and out stepped a tall young man, in a light grey suit. "That's Lindbergh!" exclaimed the boy next to me, just as if anybody in the world could see the tall young man, with the winsome smile, and not recognize him! Lindy walked over to the Navy plane, and the next thing I knew I had missed Uncle Ebenezer. Where do you suppose I found him? With an army official, he had stepped through the ropes that shut off spectators from the field, and there was Uncle Ebenezer, talking with Colonel Lindbergh, as if he'd known him for years and years. I made him tell me every word of the conversation, but he says I can't broadcast it, because it was "private and personal."

At 9:30; Lindy and his fortunate guests "took off" in the navy plane. We taxied along on the ground for a minute, then, before I knew it, we were soaring above the ground. Did you ever ride in a passenger plane? It's as easy as riding in a big limousine, over a smooth pavement, and lots more fun. I don't know how high we were, but high enough so that the capitol, and the White House, and the Library of Congress, looked like tiny buildings of Lilliput land. When we passed over my neighborhood I glanced down to see if my Next-Door Neighbor was watching us, and sure enough she was-- looking about the size of a penny doll.

The river was the prettiest sight of all, with its green islands, and a number of ships at anchor. Birds were circling above the water. A queer sensation, to be so high that I could see birds flying around below me. When we crossed the river, I was reminded of the long and hazardous the Flying Colonel had taken over another body of water, not so many months ago.

We were flying over the green hills of Virginia when I took my eyes from the scenery long enough to glance at our pilot. He had removed his helmet. The spring breezes played with his blonde hair, as he turned 'round to smile at his guests.

The wonderful trip had to end. Soon our plane was on the field again, and Lindy climbed out of the cockpit, to don his parachute before he "took off" in the big army plane, on his next flight.

I rushed over to tell Uncle Ebenezer all about the trip, but he wouldn't let me talk until he had taken a picture of me, in front of the plane.

"For your scrapbook, Aunt Sammy," said he. "You'll treasure these pictures as long as you live. Something to show your grandchildren," smiled Uncle Ebenezer, as he helped me through the ropes.

Can you come down to earth, after a story like this, and take a recipe? I'll give you just one today, for Apple Chutney. I wish you'd take it now, so you'll have it ready for one of my Easter menus. Apple Chutney has lots of ingredients, but it's easy to make.

Fourteen ingredients, for Apple Chutney:

3 lemons
3 quarts chopped apples
1 quart brown sugar
1 quart cider vinegar
1 quart dates, stoned and chopped
1 pint tarragon vinegar
2 pounds sultana raisins
1 tablespoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
2 chili peppers
1 onion chopped
Garlic, and
2 small cloves

Let's check the 14 ingredients, for Apple Chutney: (Repeat ingredients).

Wash, pare, and core the apples. Chop them with the lemons, as the acid will help to keep the apples from turning dark. Remove the seeds from the chili peppers. Mix all the ingredients. Boil gently, until the apples are soft, and stir the mixture occasionally with a fork. Bottle the chutney while hot, and seal it.

Please be ready tomorrow to take an Easter menu, and two more recipes.